

A large, stylized 'X' logo made of concentric, slightly offset lines, creating a 3D effect. It is positioned on the left side of the cover, partially overlapping the textured background.

'61

A horizontal row of seven upward-pointing triangles of varying heights, creating a jagged, mountain-like silhouette. They are located just above the word 'EUREKA'.

EUREKA

A horizontal row of seven downward-pointing triangles of varying heights, creating a jagged, mountain-like silhouette. They are located just below the word 'EUREKA'.

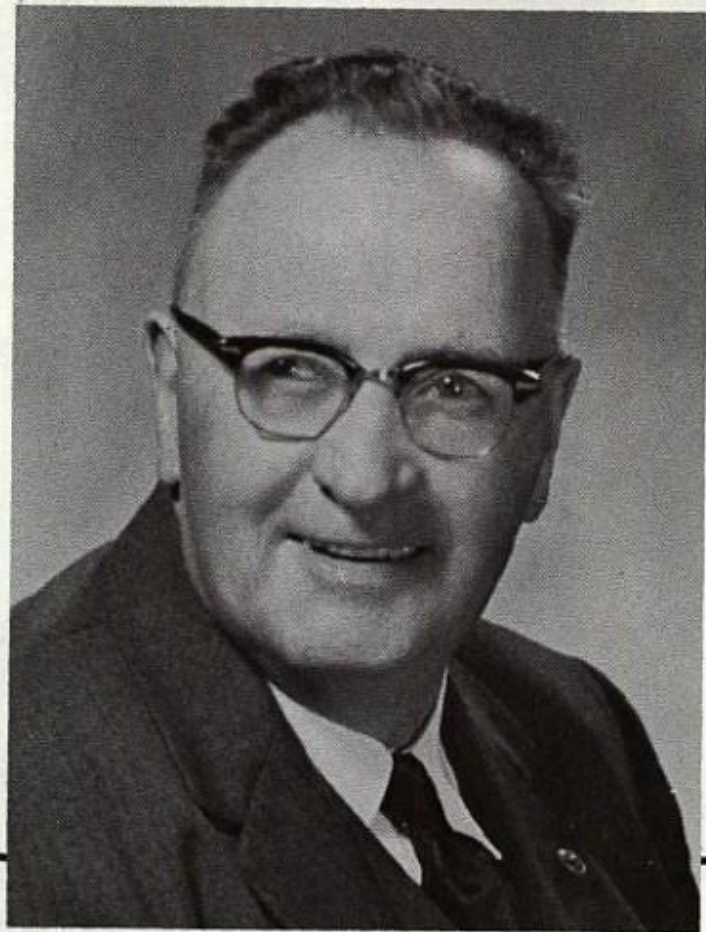
EUREKA



1961

WOODSTOCK HIGH SCHOOL





Dedication

We the fiftieth graduating class of Woodstock High School dedicate this edition of the Eureka to

EDWIN ELTON HOWE

the first graduate of Woodstock High School
and the only member of the class of 1911.

School Calendar

1960-1961

SEPTEMBER

- 6 - School opens
- 22 - Freshman Reception
- 30 - Magazine Drive Starts

OCTOBER

- 14 - Sadie Hawkins Dance
- 21 - Magazine Campaign Dance
- 28 - Halloween Dance

NOVEMBER

- 3 - Senior Class Play
- 22 - Girls' Round Robin
at Woodstock

DECEMBER

- 2 - Boys' Round Robin
at Woodstock
- 19 - Christmas Program
- 21 - Christmas Party

FEBRUARY

- 11 - Carnival events
- 15 - Class "S" Basketball
Regional at So. Paris

- 16 - All-Star Basketball Game
at Buckfield

- 18 - Carnival Ball

MARCH

- 29 - Junior and Senior trip to
Augusta

APRIL

- 4 - Woodstock High School
Speaking Contest
- 5 - National Honor Society
Initiation
- 7 - OCSS Speaking Contest at
Woodstock
- 15 - High School Day at the
University of Maine
- 15 - Junior Prom
- 17-22 - Senior Class Trip to
New York

- 27 - Basketball Banquet

JUNE

- 4 - Baccalaureate
- 6 - Graduation
- 7 - Alumni Baseball Game
- 8 - Alumni Banquet and Ball



Eureka Board

Seated from left to right: Miss Miller, Advisor; Steve Howe, Linda Waterhouse, Virginia Tibbetts, and Pat Davis. Standing from left to right: Curt Martin, Larry Burnham, Sylvia Cushman, and Marianne Chase.



Faculty

Seated from left to right: Miss Donna Miller, Mr. John H. Hall, Mrs. Isabele Jacobs. Standing from left to right: Mr. Richard Onofrio, Mr. Alfred Richard, Mr. Henry Small, Mr. Floyd Kenniston.

Dirigo Girls' State

Dirigo Girls' State is just what the name implies, a state in itself composed of two counties and eight towns.

Delegates are sent from the junior class of high schools all over the state of Maine.

Here we are taught, through participation, the way our town, county, and state governments function. We hold mock town meetings, party rallies, party caucuses, and county and state elections.

Along with the work, there comes fun - two hours of sports and recreation each afternoon, and "fun-time" each night in which the different towns participate.

The day before returning home, we travel to Augusta. Here we assemble in the House chamber and our governor elect is sworn in by Governor Reed. After this, we go to the Blaine House to have tea with Mrs. Reed.

The highlight of the week comes that evening. We are presented with our diplomas and Girls' State pins. The awards are given out. Each one is then presented a lighted candle, and we all sing "Now is the Hour."

Linda Waterhouse
Editor in Chief

Dirigo Boys' State

Dirigo Boys' State is held on the campus of the University of Maine for five days during the month of June.

Dirigo Boys' State is divided into four counties. These counties are named after the first four Chief Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine. Each county has two towns. These eight towns are named after the first eight Governors of Maine.

While at Boys' State each citizen has the right to run for election to any town, county, or state office. To do so, he must fill out all necessary nomination papers as if he actually were running for election.

The big moment at Dirigo Boys' State is the inauguration of the Boys' State Governor by the Governor of the State of Maine.

On the last day at an assembly in the Memorial Gym, each boy is given his graduation certificate, and Boys' State pin and the outstanding town is given a special award. Before the boys leave for home the Dirigo Boys' State Band gives its final concert.

Stephen Howe
Business Manager

In Tribute

As we attend our classes at Woodstock High School, we are prone to forget that many other people have attended our school in the years past.

In the fifty years since our first graduation some of our Alumni have left us. In tribute to their memory the Alumni Association inscribes this page.

Virginia Tibbetts
Assistant Editor

The Deceased Members

Lawerence Clifford, 1912

C. Roger Laffin, 1915

Robert Arkett, 1917

Lillian Day Doughty, 1917

Edna Brown Johnson, 1918

Edwin B. Perham, 1918

Stanley Foss Bartlett, 1920

Annie Cross, 1920

Raynor Farnum, 1921

Lewis Tirrell, 1921

James Brown, 1922

Harry B. Packard, 1922

Gertrude Perham Stone, 1922

Ida Powers York, 1922

George Norton, 1923

C. Stanley DeShon, 1924

Sidney Ring, 1925

Wilbur Wilson, 1926

Florence Whitman Greene, 1927

Flora Swan, 1933

Gwendolyn Swan Dorey, 1933

Florence Roberts Strother, 1934

Edward Forbes, 1935

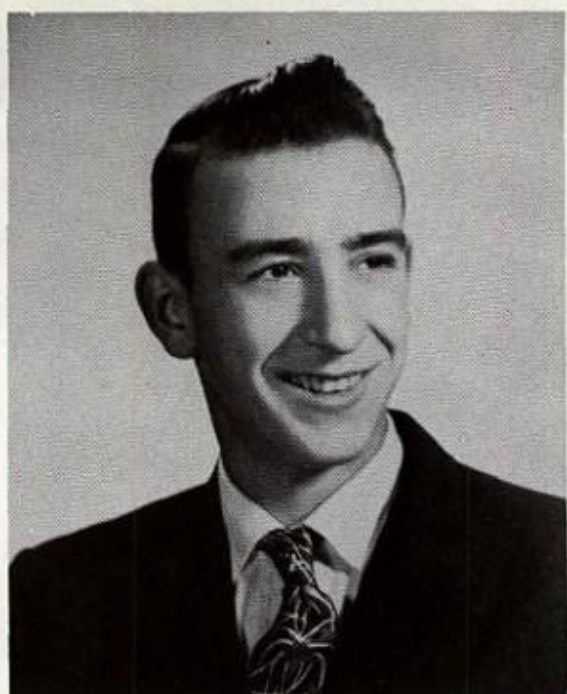
Paul F. Cole, 1936

Alec Forbes, 1938

Alive Hendrickson Tuell, 1943



SENIORS



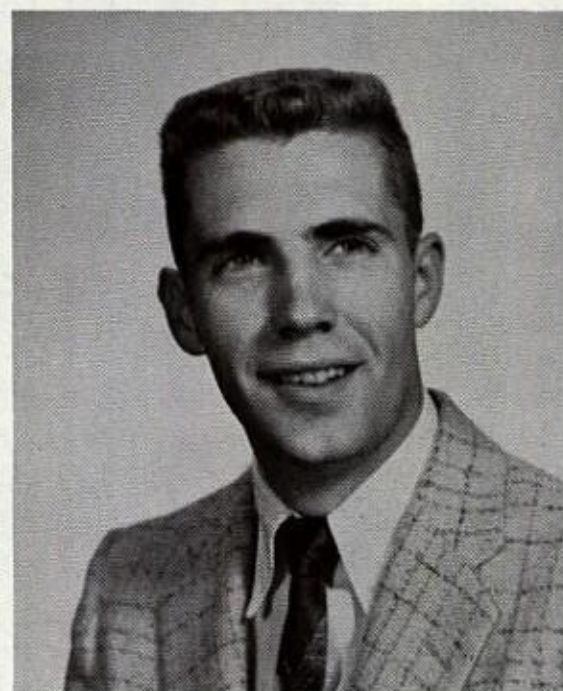
WALTER WILLIAM BAILEY JR.

"Walt"

Industrial Arts

His strength is to sit still.

Born in West Paris, Maine, August 14, 1942.
Baseball 1, 3, 4; Class Play 4.



LAWRENCE RAYMOND BURNHAM

"Larry"

Industrial Arts

Let each man pass his days in that
wherein his skill is greatest.

Born in Portland, Maine, October 12, 1941.
Basketball Manager 1; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Attendant 3; Carnival Ball Attendant 4; Eureka 4; Student Council 1, 2; President 1; Vice-President 2; Class Play 4; Class Will.



MARIANNE LYDIA CHASE

"Chasie"

General

Who diggeth a pit shall fall therein.

Born in Portland, Maine, March 31, 1943.
Basketball 2, 3, 4; Boys' Basketball Manager 2, 3, 4; Softball 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Attendant 3; Carnival Ball Attendant 4; Class Play 4; Eureka Alumni Editor 4; Student Council 4; Sales Manager 3; Class Gifts.

"Madelyn"

MADelyn DIANE COLLIDGE

Commercial

That therefore only are reputed
wise for saying nothing.

Born in Locke Mills, December 10, 1939.



"Sliver"

SYLVIA ANN CUSHMAN

Commercial

A good heart's worth gold.

Born in Norway, Maine, August 19, 1943.

Cheerleading 2, 3, 4; Captain 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4;
Captain 2, 3; Softball 2, 3, 4; Captain 3; Junior Prom At-
tendant 3; Carnival Ball Attendant 4; Class Play 4; Glee
Club 4; Junior Eureka 1, 2; Eureka 1, 2, 4; Treasurer 4;
Magazine Class Captain 3, 4; Carnival Events High Point
Girl 4; National Honor Society 4; All-Star Basketball Rep-
resentative 4.

First Honor Essay.

"Pat"

PATRICIA MAE DAVIS

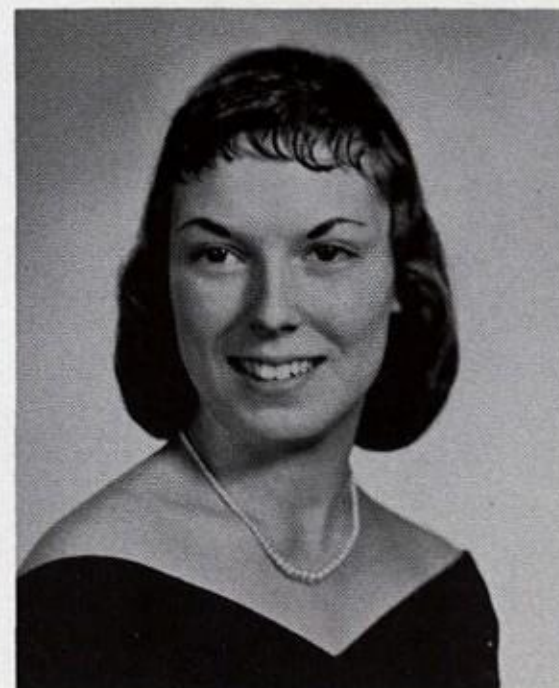
Commercial

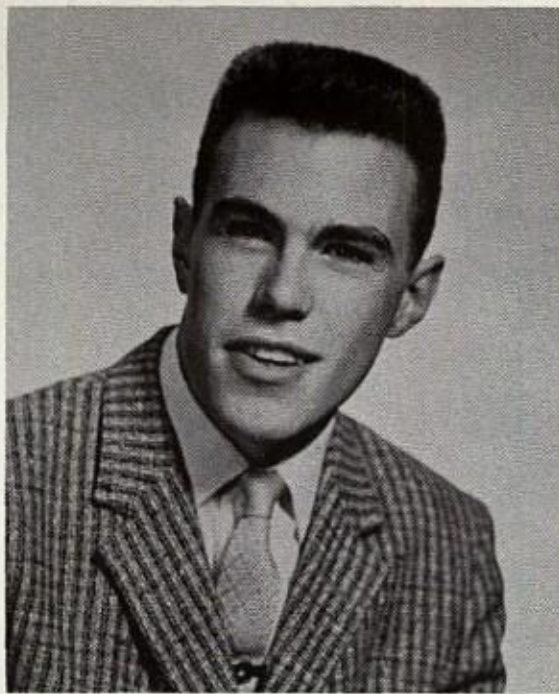
She has half the deed done,
who has made a beginning.

Born in Lewiston, Maine, January 24, 1943.

National Honor Society 4; Student Council 2, 3; Class
President 3; Eureka Board 2, Social Editor 4; Eureka Junior
Board 2; Cheerleading 2, 3, 4; Co-Captain 3, 4; Softball 2,
3 (Manager), 4 (Scorekeeper); Public Speaking 2, 3; Maine
Speech Festival 2, 3; County Speech Festival 3; Glee Club
4; Class Play 4; Junior Prom Attendant 3; Carnival Ball
Attendant 3, 4; All-Star Cheerleader Representative 4.

Salutatorian.





CLAYTON STEPHEN HOWE

"Steve"

College

Woe unto them that call evil good, and
good evil.

Born in Portland, Maine, July 29, 1943.

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Attendant 3; Carnival Ball Attendant 4; Class Play 4; Eureka Board 4; Class Vice-President 4.

Class Prophecy

CARMEN JEAN MARTIN

"Connie"

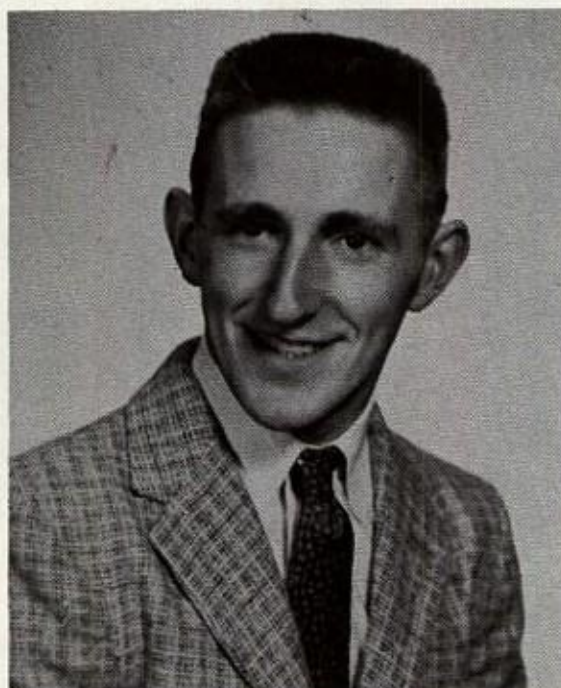
College

Patience is the best remedy for every
trouble.

Born in Rumford, Maine, September 12, 1943.

Cheerleading (Substitute) 3; Softball 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Attendant 3; Carnival Ball Attendant 4; Eureka Junior Board 2; Eureka Board 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Class Offices: Secretary 1, 4; Treasurer 3; Debating Club 2; Glee Club 4; National Honor Society 4.

Third Honor Essay



CURT ALAN MARTIN

"Curt"

General

A wise man never loses anything if he
have himself.

Born in Rumford, Maine, December 20, 1942.

Basketball 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Prince 3; Carnival Ball Attendant 4; Class Play 4; Junior Eureka 1, 2; Eureka 1, 2, 4; Student Council 1, 2; Vice-President 1; President 2; High Point Boy for Carnival Events 4; All-Star Basketball Representative 4; Carnival Events 2, 3, 4; National Honor Society 4.

Second Honor Essay

CHARLES GILBERT McALLISTER

"Charlie"

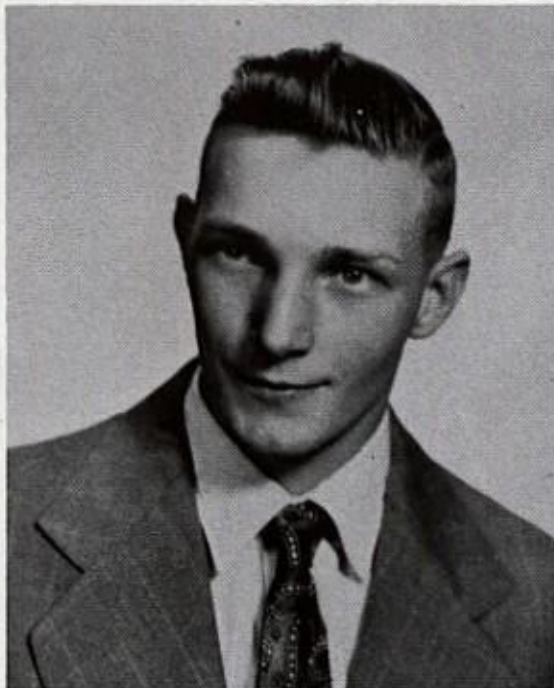
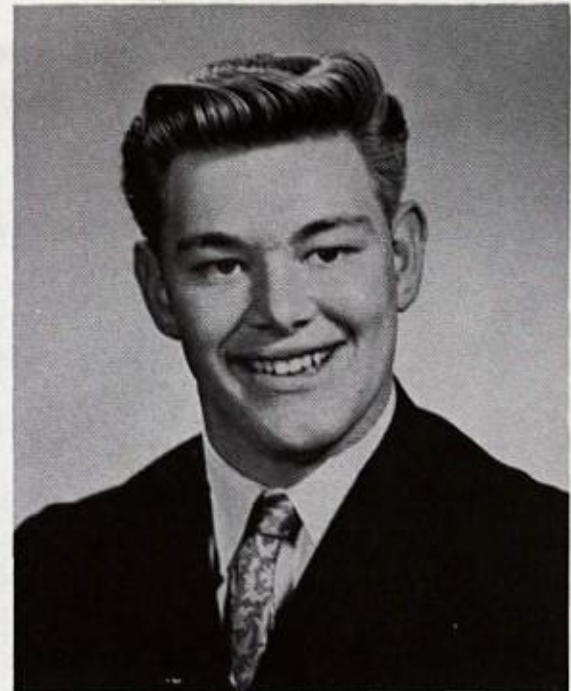
General

Saying is one thing, and doing is another.

Born in Portland, Maine, January 31, 1943.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Attendant 3; Carnival Ball King 4; Class Play 2, 4; Junior Eureka 1, 2; Eureka 3; Student Council 1; Class Treasurer 2; Assistant Sales Manager 3; Magazine Campaign 2; Public Speaking 2, 3, 4; Debating Club 2.

Class Gifts



STANLEY EVERETT ROBERTS

"Stan"

Industrial Arts

I said in my haste, All men are liars.

Born in Locke Mills, May 22, 1941.

Junior Prom Attendant 3; Carnival Ball Attendant 4; Class Play 4.

DAVID LAWRENCE SCHULTZ

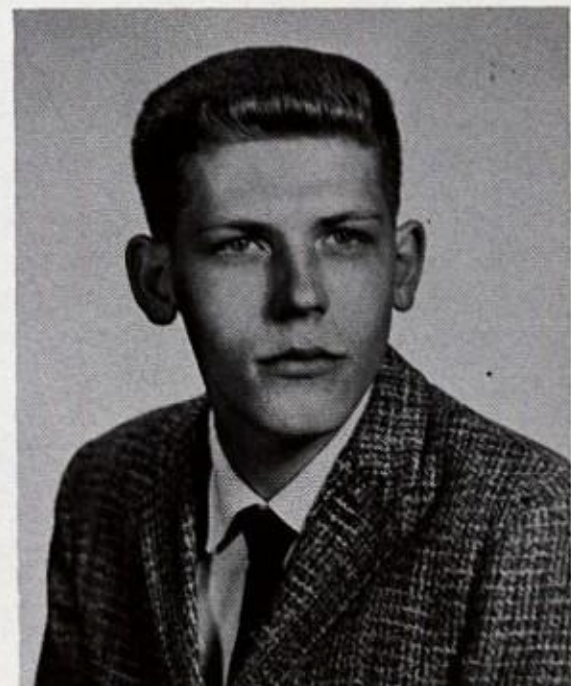
"Schultzie"

Industrial Arts

What a time! What a civilization!

Born in Webster, Maine, August 24, 1941.

Baseball 1; Junior Prom Attendant 3; Carnival Ball Attendant 4; Class Play 4; Debating Club 2.





ROGER HAROLD TIBBETTS

"Tib"

Industrial Arts

Nothing is so difficult but that it may
be found out by seeking.

Born in Bethel, Maine, November 29, 1941.

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Junior Prom Attendant 2,
3; Carnival Ball Attendant 4; Class Play 4; Junior Eureka
2; Glee Club 4.

LINDA KAY WATERHOUSE

"Fritz"

College

There is nothing so easy but that it becomes
difficult when you do it with reluctance.

Born in Lewiston, Maine, September 9, 1943.

Basketball 2, 3; Softball 2, 3, 4; Junior Prom Attendant 3;
Carnival Ball Queen 4; Class Play 4; Junior Eureka 2;
Eureka 2, 3 (Editor is Chief 4) Student Council 3, 4; (Presi-
dent 4) Vice-President 3; President 4; Magazine Campaign
1 (Third High Salesman), 2 (High Salesman, Class Captain)
3, (Third High Salesman, Assistant Manager) 4 (Second
High Salesman, Manager); Public Speaking 2, 3, 4; County
Prize Speaking 2; Maine Speech Festival 2, 3; Girls' State
3; National Honor Society 4.

Valedictorian



CLASS MOTTO

"The Higher We Climb, the Broader the Horizons."

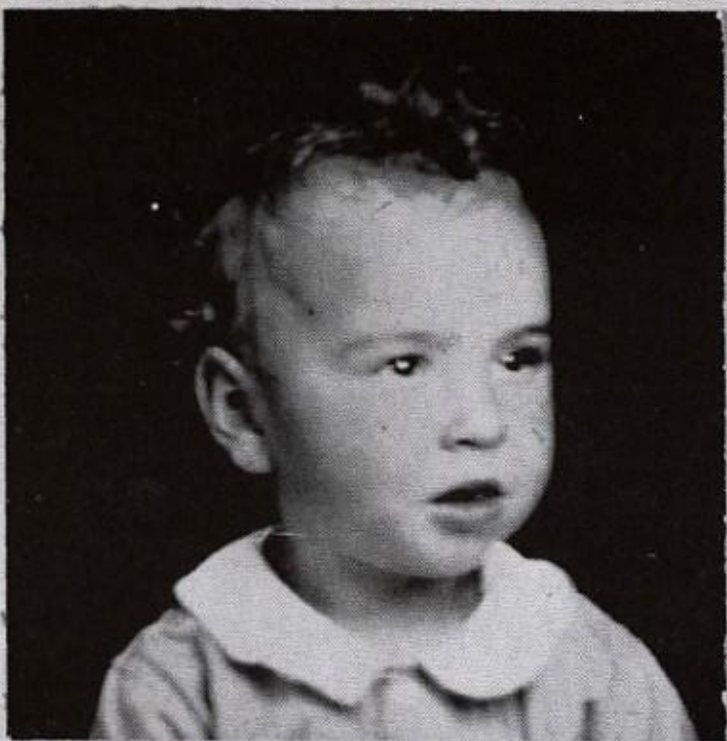
CLASS FLOWER

Carnation

CLASS COLORS

Maroon and White

Many Years Ago ...



1. Walter



2. Roger



3. Steve



4. Marianne



5. Sylvia



6. Charles



7. Carmen



8. Linda



9. Pat



10. Curt



11. Larry



Senior Class Play

On November 3, 1960 the Senior Class presented the play with the following cast:

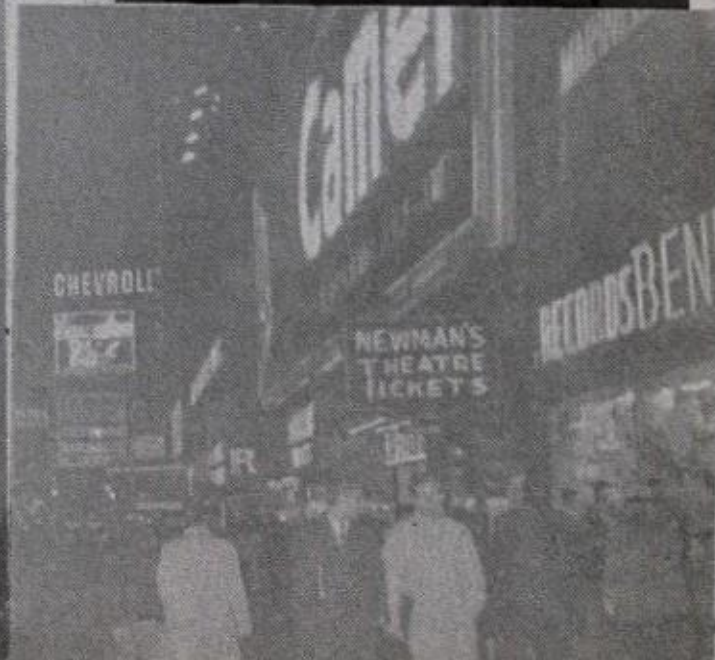
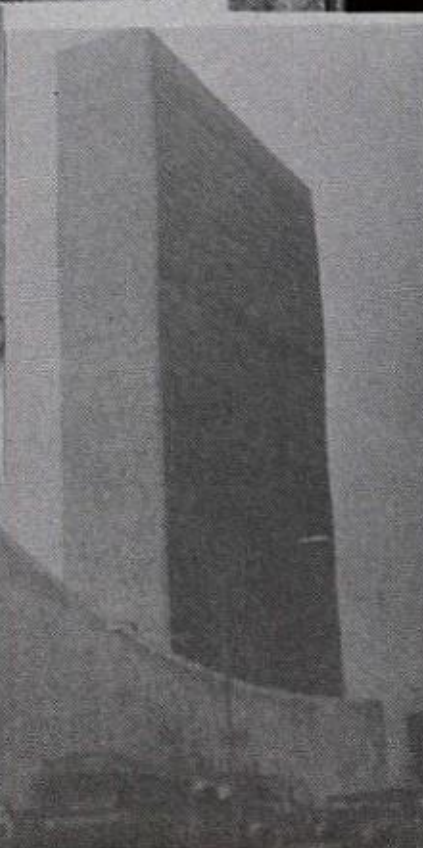
THEY GAVE HIM A CO-ED

DEAN BROWN, a farm boy from the State of Maine. - - - - -	Charles McCallister
GARY BLAINE, a peaceful youngster of twenty. - - - - -	Stephen Howe
DAL THOMAS, President of the Junior Class. - - - - -	Stanley Roberts
CHUCK RHODES, President of the Donta Carra Rappas. - - - - -	-Curt Martin
HERB GRANT, President of the Athletic Club. - - - - -	Larry Burnham
GLORIA MANSON, a lonely young heiress. - - - - -	Pat Davis
UNA SCANLON, a feuding young woman. - - - - -	Sylvia Cushman
MARGIE THORNHILL, interested in Dal. - - - - -	Eva Mills
EMILY WAYNE, likes Chuck pretty well. - - - - -	Carmen Martin
IONE BABSON, doesn't mind Herb. - - - - -	Linda Waterhouse
MISS HOWARD, registra. - About twenty-eight. - - - - -	-Marianne Chase
BETH HANSON, an attractive co-ed. - - - - -	Elisabeth Sumner
ROLAND GRAVES, a young man "just looking around." - - - - -	Billy Taylor
CHARLES BRADLEY BROWN, the new Dean in person. - - - - -	Wade Rainey
THE STRANGER, "historical" young man. - - - - -	Roger Tibbetts

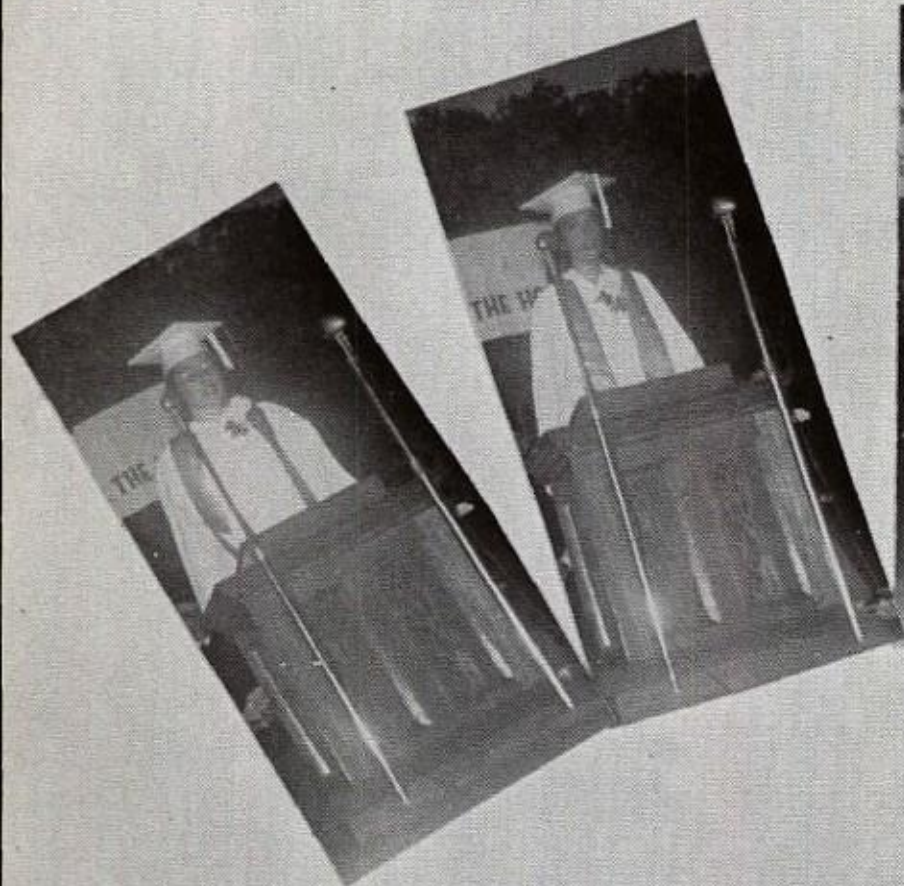
The entire action of the play took place in the lounge room in the Assembly Building of Cold Canyon College.

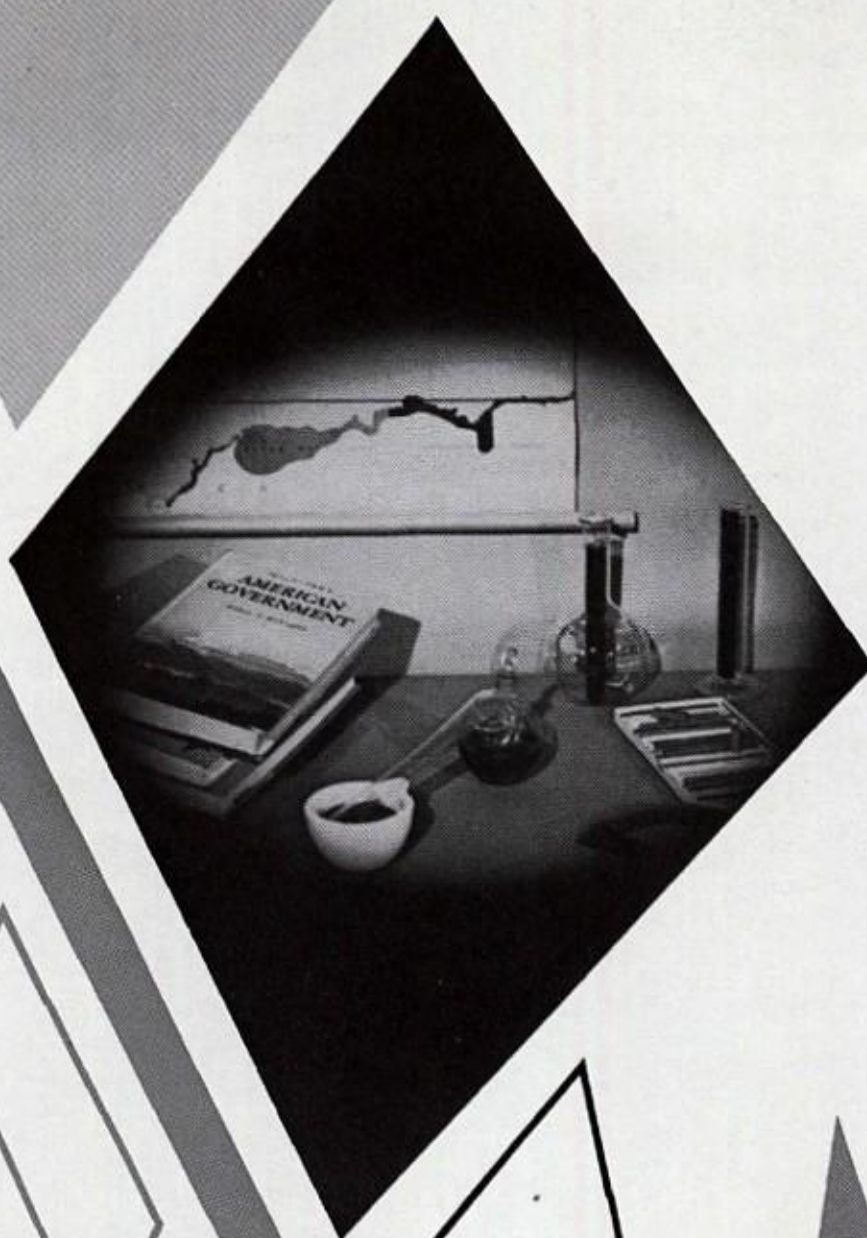


Senior Class
Trip
New York



GRADUATION





CLASSES



Junior Class

Front Row, left to right: W. Knights, V. Tibbetts, M. Harlow, C. Porter, N. Cross, and W. Rainey. Back Row, left to right: G. Crockett, G. Haskell, W. Taylor, A. Stevens, R. Cary, and G. Fuller.



Sophomore Class

Front Row, left to right: J. Burnham, H. Vittum, B. Haskell, S. Coppick, K. Mills, J. Hamlin, and E. Koskela. Back Row, left to right: R. Strout, S. Anderson, J. Johnson, and R. Roberts.



Freshmen

Front Row, left to right: A. Hebert, C. Silver, N. Kenison, A. Cross, N. Swan, E. Noyes, G. Gerrish. Middle Row: L. Hazelton, B. Emmons, C. Hinkley, E. Dunham, S. Buck, J. Linsbeck. Back Row: D. Torres, R. Wright, J. Childs, T. Sweetswer, and W. Farrington.



Seventh and Eighth Grades

Senior Statistics

NAME	FIRST IMPRESSION	FAVORITE FOOD
Walter Bailey - - - -	just woke up - - - - -	lobster
Larry Burnham - - - -	WOW! - - - - -	Italian food
Marianne Chase - - - -	spoiled - - - - -	sea food
Sylvia Cushman - - - -	on cloud 9 - - - - -	potato
Pat Davis - - - - -	who goofed? - - - - -	pickles
Steve Howe - - - - -	just landed - - - - -	steak
Charlie McAllister - - -	EEK!!! - - - - -	chicken
Carmen Martin - - - -	dreamer - - - - -	pizza
Curt Martin - - - - -	the lull before the storm - - - - -	chop suey
Stan Roberts - - - - -	where'd he come from??? - - - - -	if it's eatable
Dave Schultz - - - - -	what 'tis it? - - - - -	steak
Roger Tibbetts - - - -	show-off - - - - -	shelled beans
Linda Waterhouse - - -	speaking of the Devil - - - - -	chicken

NAME	NOTED FOR	DISPOSITION
Walter Bailey - - - -	sleeping in class - - - - -	mild
Larry Burnham - - - -	taking plane trips to N. Y. - - - - -	calm
Marianne Chase - - - -	disposition - - - - -	nasty
Sylvia Cushman - - - -	changing her mind - - - - -	VERY changeable
Pat Davis - - - - -	arguing with Roger - - - - -	stubborn
Steve Howe - - - - -	not flirting??? - - - - -	o.k. if everyone agrees
Charlie McAllister - - -	arguing - - - - -	dynamite!!
Carmen Martin - - - -	quietness! - - - - -	cool, calm, collective
Curt Martin - - - - -	his walk - - - - -	unpredictable
Stan Roberts - - - - -	blushing - - - - -	agreeable
Dave Schultz - - - - -	his intelligent answers??? - - - - -	suspicious
Roger Tibbetts - - - -	studying American History??? - - - - -	like the weather
Linda Waterhouse - - -	jumping (when tickled!) - - - - -	touchy

NAME	AMBITION	IDEA OF MARRIAGE
Walter Bailey - - - -	dairy farmer - - - - -	not too well
Larry Burnham - - - -	service - - - - -	heck of a life without a wife!
Marianne Chase - - - -	make money - - - - -	welllllll . . .
Sylvia Cushman - - - -	marriage - - - - -	oh, I don't know
Pat Davis - - - - -	take a world cruise - - - - -	Yes? No? Maybe . . .
Steve Howe - - - - -	be a shop teacher - - - - -	for success . . . keep trying
Charlie McAllister - - -	Army - - - - -	not bad, not bad at all!
Carmen Martin - - - -	be a nurse - - - - -	fine - in about 10 years!
Curt Martin - - - - -	be a disc jockey - - - - -	O, K., I guess
Stan Roberts - - - - -	get a STEADY job - - - - -	not til I'm 70!
Dave Schultz - - - - -	Air Force - - - - -	pretty good thing
Roger Tibbetts - - - -	marriage - - - - -	I kind of like the idea!
Linda Waterhouse - - -	live on Park Avenue - - - - -	I'll try anyting - ONCE



ATHLETICS



Front Row: Noreen Swan, Clare Hinkley, Joan Linsbeck, Sandra Buck, Barbara Haskell, Kathy Mills, Susan Coppick, Sylvia Cushman, Virginia Tibbetts, Ann Cross, and Marianne Chase. Back Row: Manager; Elaine Koskela, Coach; Miss Miller, Scorekeeper; Joyce Burnham.

Girls' Basketball

This year the Woodstock girls won five games and lost seven. Next year we will lose two players, but we hope to have a better team.

GAMES SCORES					
Woodstock	24	Casco	43	Woodstock	33
Woodstock	25	Andover	32	Woodstock	23
Woodstock	42	Sabattus	20	Woodstock	24
Woodstock	18	West Paris	21	Woodstock	49
Woodstock	29	West Paris	55	Woodstock	58
Woodstock	35	Buckfield	33	Woodstock	26
				Canton	30
				Andover	32
				Buckfield	36
				Canton	44
				Sabattus	20
				Casco	28

SCORES

Sylvia Cushman 275, Kathy Mills 70, Virginia Tibbetts 29, Barbara Haskell 6, Sandra Buck 4, and Marianne Chase 2.

We appreciate Miss Miller's efforts in coaching us.

All-Star Representatives, pictured at the left, were Sylvia Cushman, Marianne Chase, and Virginia Tibbetts.



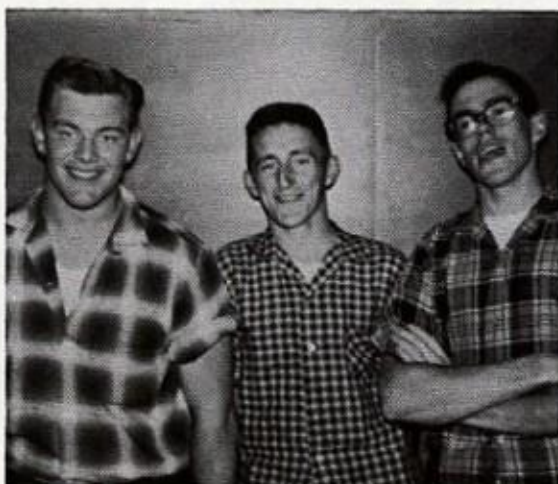


Left to right: George Gerrish, Wallace Farrington, Danny Torres, Curt Martin, Jerry Johnson, Stephen Howe, Alvin Stevens, Charles McAllister, Gilbert Haskell, Roger Tibbetts, Rusty Strout, Ronnie Roberts, and Coach Mr. Kenniston.

Boys' Basketball

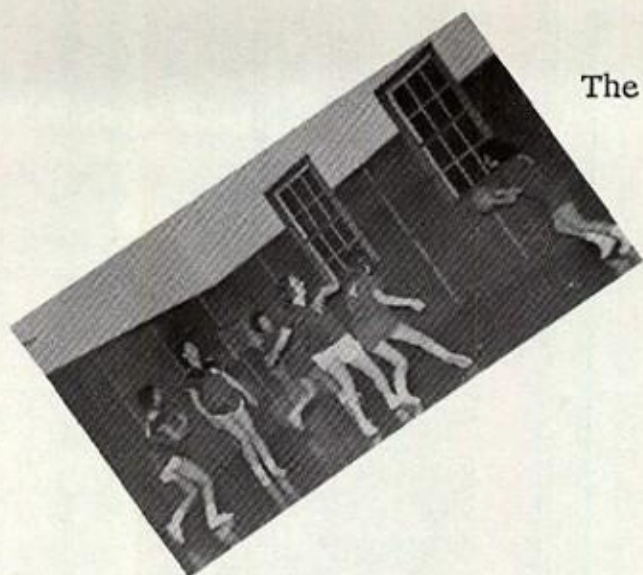
Woodstock had a rather poor season in basketball this year winning only 4 games. Game scores are as follows:

Woodstock	24	Casco	32	Woodstock	45	Canton	20
Woodstock	36	Andover	41	Woodstock	45	Andover	70
Woodstock	35	Sabbatus	48	Woodstock	28	Buckfield	51
Woodstock	38	West Paris	28	Woodstock	42	Canton	40
Woodstock	31	Buckfield	46	Woodstock	43	Sabbatus	36
Woodstock	39	West Paris	50	Woodstock	30	Casco	44



Charles McAllister led the team in scoring, with 230 points, followed by Steve Howe with 76 points. Other scorers were: A. Stevens 43, G. Haskell 38, J. Johnson 27, C. Martin 21, R. Tibbetts 19, R. Roberts 3, and G. Gerrish 2.

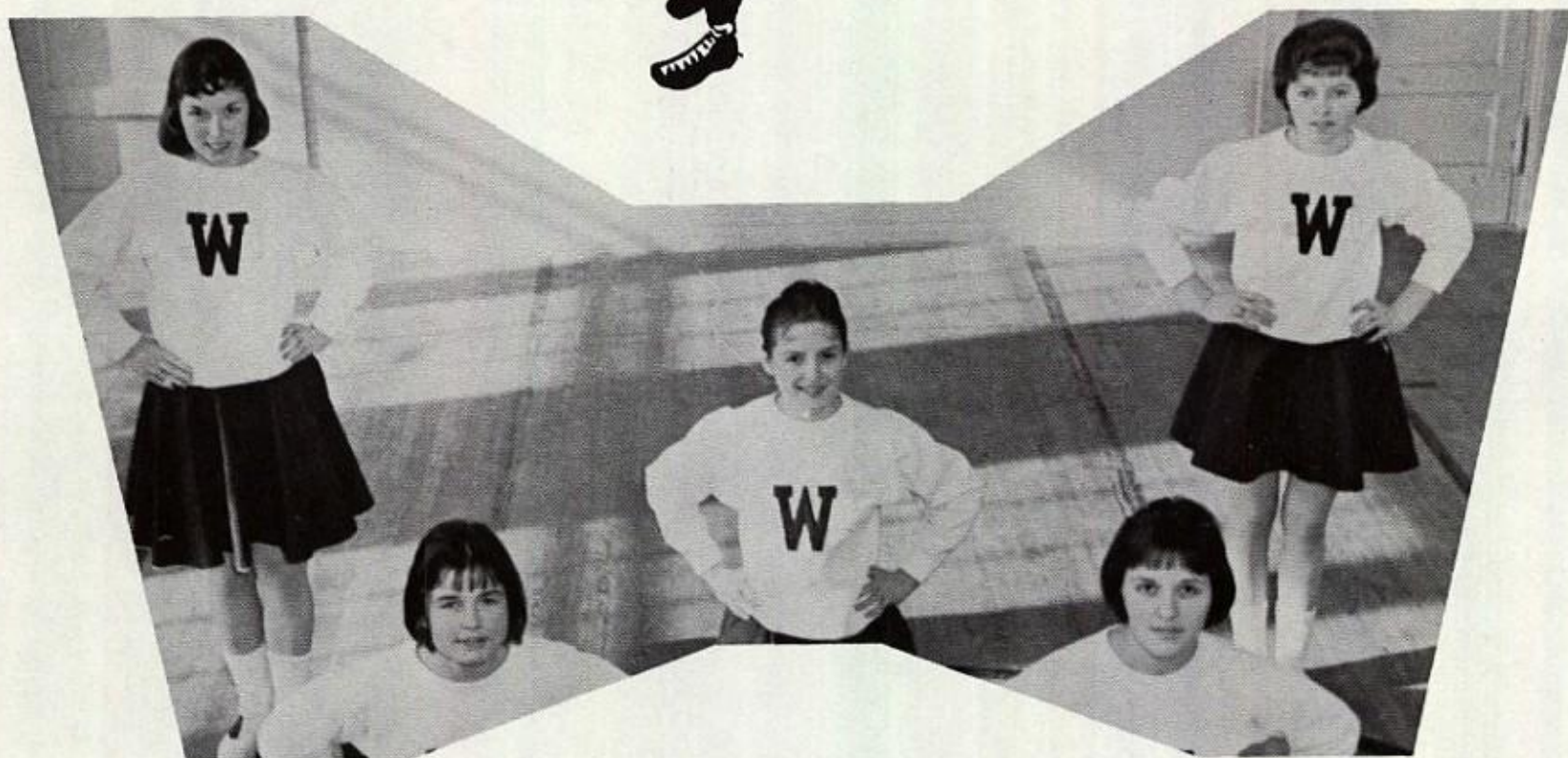
All-Star representatives, pictured at the left, were Charles McAllister, Curt Martin, and Steve Howe.



The Girls



Let's Go!



Kneeling: Barbara Haskell, Sylvia Cushman, Captain; Kathy Mills.
Standing: Pat Davis, Co-Captain; Ginny Tibbetts.



Our boys in action



All-Star Representative
Pat



First Row, left to right: C. Martin, G. Gerrish, A. Herbert, G. Fuller. Second Row: J. Johnson, R. Tibbetts, S. Howe, R. Roberts, C. McAllister. Third Row: T. Sweetser, L. Burnham, R. Strout, B. Taylor.

Baseball

Woodstock High School had a good team this. We are losing five lettermen next year.

We had a very good season this year with six wins and two losses.

We lost the league cup to Buckfield on June 1 with a score of 5-4 - a game played in eight innings.

Game scores were as follows:

Woodstock	9	Canton	1
Woodstock	25	Andover	1
Woodstock	23	Buckfield	3
Woodstock	2	West Paris	3
Woodstock	11	West Paris	5
Woodstock	12	Canton	1
Woodstock	12	Andover	7
Woodstock	4	Buckfield	5





First Row, left to right: P. Davis, B. Haskell, K. Mills, S. Buck. Second Row: N. Swan, A. Cross, E. Dunham, C. Porter. Third Row: S. Cushman, V. Tibbetts.

Girls' Softball

The players' scores were as follows:

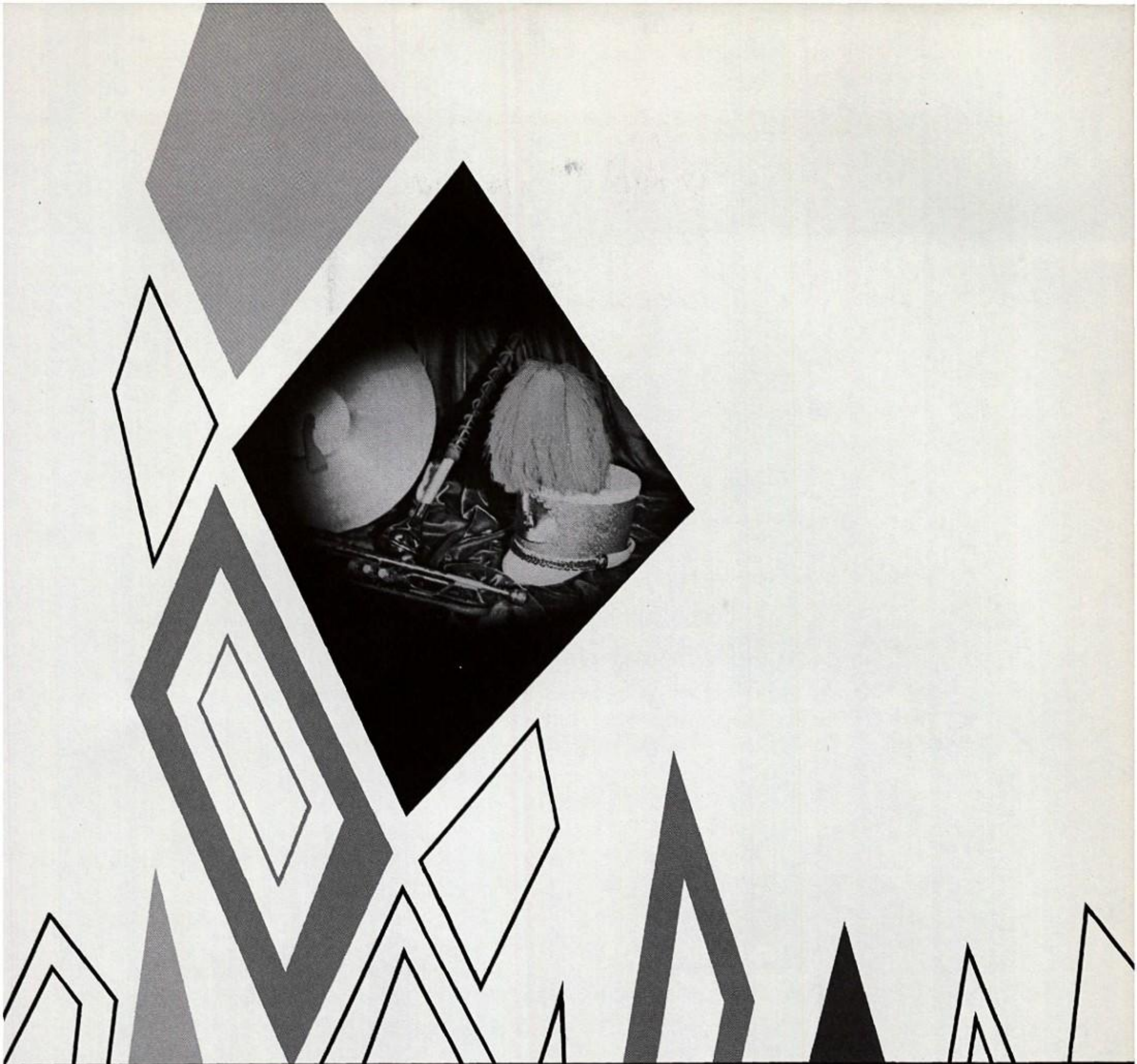
Marianne Chase	17 runs	Linda Waterhouse	9 runs
Anne Cross	11 runs	Virginia Tibbetts	7 runs
Sylvia Cushman	11 runs	Sandra Buck	3 runs
Kathy Mills	11 runs	Carolee Porter	2 runs
Barbara Haskell	10 runs	Eileen Dunham	1 run

GAME SCORES

Woodstock	25	Buckfield	33
Woodstock	33	Andover	7
Woodstock	17	West Paris	23
Woodstock	11	Buckfield	27

Manager, PAT DAVIS





ACTIVITIES



National Honor Society

Front Row: Sylvia Cushman, Curt Martin, and Linda Waterhouse. Back Row: Pat Davis, Carolee Porter, and Carmen Martin.



Student Council

Seated: Marianne Chase, Linda Waterhouse, Mr. Hall, and Gilbert Haskell.
 Standing: Elaine Koskela, Nancy Kennison, Wade Rainey, Jerry Johnson, Jack Andrews, Wallace Farrington, and Richard Vittum.





Magazine Campaign

Seated: Sylvia Cushman, Gilbert Haskell, and Linda Waterhouse. Standing: George Day, Carolee Porter, Susan Coppick, Thomas Sweetser, and Diane Farrar.



Queen Candidates

Left to right: Carmen Martin, Marianne Chase, Sylvia Cushman, Patricia Davis, Elisabeth Sumner, and Linda Waterhouse.

Freshman Reception



Master of ceremonies, Charlie McAllister, conducting a milk drinking contest between Wally Farrington (standing) and George Garrish (in the carriage).

Steve Howe and Marianne Chase walking Lois Sumner over crackers.



Clare Hinkley and James Childs doing the Twist. George is watching from his carriage.



The best dressed students in the Freshman class for the day were Carol Silver and Tom Sweetser.





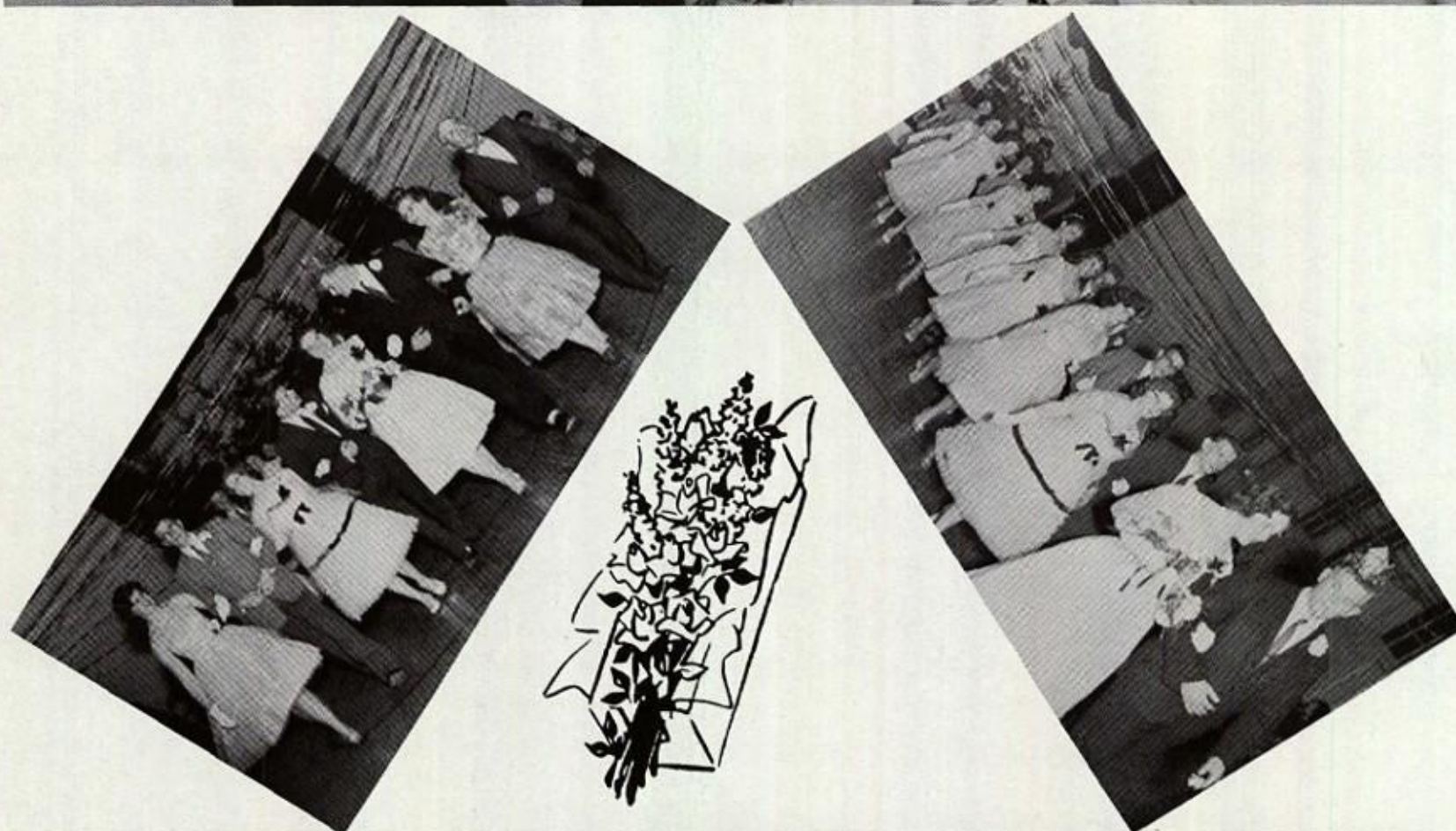
Public Speaking

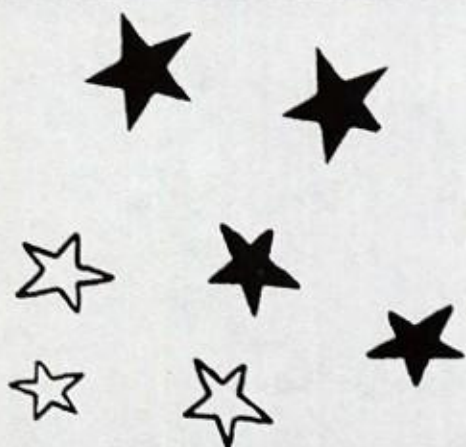
Front Row: Noreen Swan, Alfred Hebert, and Joan Linsbeck.

Back Row: Blinda Emmons, Charles McAllister, and Linda Waterhouse.



Glee Club





Notables!



Favorite Couple
Curt - Sylvia



Courteous
Charlie - Carmen



Neatest Dressed
Pat - Danny



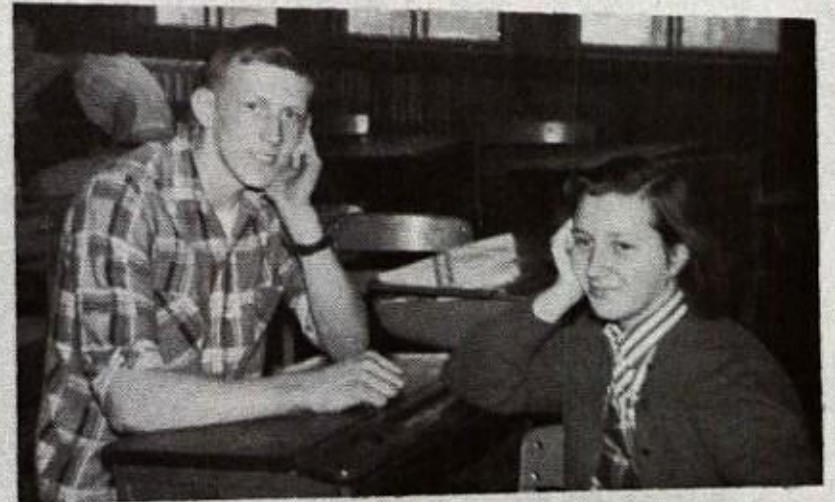
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Linda - Steve



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David - Barbara

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Madelyn

Libby

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DEATHWIND

Thomas Baine awoke one crisp December morning to the sound of chickadees singing and the crunching of snow as someone walked nearer to the cabin.

Tom rose from his bed and proceeded to dress quickly so as not to freeze, stopping only to tuck a wad of tobacco into one corner of his mouth.

A knock sounded on the door and Tom called to the person to enter. The visitor turned out to be Tom's next door neighbor, Hugh Baines. I speak of "next door neighbor," but actually Hugh was the only person within miles of Tom's place.

Thomas Baine, a young man around thirty, spent his time alone in his cabin or trapping in the Northern Maine Woods. He was a college graduate but found it much more to his liking to be alone and to live a quiet life than to be rushed helter-skelter every day of his life.

Hugh told Tom that he had dropped by to leave his list of provisions that he wanted Tom to get for him. His business stated, he proceeded through the snow back to his own cabin.

It was 9:30 before Tom had his furs packed into the sled which his huskies would pull. He would travel in on the snowshoes so as not to make the load too heavy. Tom usually waited until spring to go out for supplies but this year an attack by a wolverine on his cabin had destroyed most of his provisions and made this trip necessary.

At 12:30 Tom was halfway and had had extremely good traveling so far. He stopped on a small evergreen knoll to rest his dogs and eat a slab of raw deer liver. After he had finished his meal and had lobbed the tobacco in his mouth, he pushed on.

In the distance he saw the most dreaded and dangerous place in northern Maine during the winter, The Deathwind, a small ravine through which he had to pass. It was covered on both sides with snow and the slightest noise or jar could start an avalanche. Tom knew this and he also knew that many men had lost their lives there.

As he started his journey through the ravine he hardly dared to breath, but nevertheless he mushed his dogs onward. A mere one hundred feet was left between Tom and safety when he heard a tremor high above on his left and then its echo on the other side. Sweating, swearing, and praying he gave all he had to push his snowshoes faster, but every step he took seemed to draw him nearer to death. The avalanche was drawing closer, knocking trees and shrubs out of its way like macaroni in front of a sickle.

Tom's life suddenly flashed before him during this moment near death. He recalled his school days, his marriage and how he tried to make a go of it, settling down, only to return to this kind of life, the one life he loved.

As the avalanche swung down on him, a giant tree caught in the rush of snow swung around as though destined to end his life. The tree caught Tom and mashed him into a giant salad of bones, blood, and flesh against the flat side of a boulder.

Tom died as he had lived, in the country he loved so much. He was found the following spring, that is, parts of him were found. He was buried in the front yard of his cabin, the only place he could be happy - even in death.

Curt Martin '61

THE BET

It was the second day of May. We were at the Bar-Jo having sodas when Pete Brown and Joe Green bet my buddy, Butter Fingers, and me that we didn't dare to go into the house that was called Spook House. It was on the Thunder Road right by Thunder Creek. Everyone believed that old Doc Jones' ghost lived there. Doc Jones had lived there for sixty years and never had any visitors nor went anywhere. To put it plainly, he was just a queer old fellow.

On March 10, 1948, Mr. Ford was murdered. The sheriff couldn't find out who had killed him, but everyone suspected old Doc Jones had done it although no one could ever prove that he did. Doc Jones had been dead for ten years now and in all that time no one had been near or in the house.

We left the Bar-Jo and went riding toward Spook House. We stopped in front of the door to listen and we could hear creepy noises. We really didn't want to go in, but finally Butter Fingers and I got up to the door which was half off and started to open it. It creaked and shattered as the breeze blew by. We went inside and lit a match to look around. There was a table with broken dishes strewn from one end to the other, and around it were four broken chairs. We went into the library where we found three or four shelves of old books. Just as we were about to go up stairs we heard an awful noise. We didn't dare to go up at first but I pushed Butterfingers ahead and we finally reached the top step. The awful noise came again. Butterfingers was so scared that he turned white. I pushed the door that went into Doc's room. Everything was covered with dust and dirt. Butterfingers stepped inside the room. On a stand was a small safe. Butterfingers said he would pick it up and see what was inside but the noise came again just as he was about to pick it up. We ran down stairs and were about to go out to get into the car when I heard the noise once more. Butterfingers didn't really want to wait, but I caught him by the sleeve and pulled him into the library with me. Near the fireplace where the noise seemed to be coming from, I happened to see a wire. I pulled on it and out of the wall came a little box from which the noise came. After that there were no more noises.

Butterfingers opened the box and in it was ten thousand dollars! Pete and Joe were still in the car and they took us to the police station. The police said they would investigate, and if they didn't find any owner within six months, the money would be ours. The police decided that the money was Doc's own which he had earned during his life. No owner was found so they gave it to Butterfingers and me after six months and Spook House was no longer called Spook House, but old Doc Jones' house.

Walter Bailey '61

THE BOY AND THE BLIZZARD

It was five by the clock on the wall of the log cabin snuggled deep in the Canadian woods. Around the crackling fireplace sat two worried people who shivered even though the room was cozy and warm. Their boy had been gone since two o'clock that afternoon. He had gone up on the ridge after a Christmas tree and he should have been back long ago. They listened to the wind howl around the corners of the cabin as they got up and moved to look out the window. The sun was sinking fast, changing the snowy mountain from sparkling white to a bluish-gray and tinging it with a rosy hue. Even as they watched, the sun disappeared behind the ridge and bathed the whole mountain in long dark shadows leaving everything outside in complete darkness. A cold wind was blowing down through the valley, and a weather report of a big snow-storm coming only increased the couple's worry.

Far up on the ridge, a young boy's searching eyes travelled down toward the valley. He had spent hours tramping all over the ridge looking for a perfect tree. It was the first he had ever gotten himself, and he had passed by many beautiful trees until he came to this clump of snow-clad spruces. Now as he looked around him, he realized that he didn't recognize any of this part of the ridge! If he were on the right track, in a few more rods he should be able to see the lights from the cabin windows winking up at him. But when he reached the spot and no lights shone out from below, he knew he had walked too far after the tree. Thinking he had crossed the ridge to the other mountain, he started walking in the opposite direction.

By now the forest was completely dark and the tall pines hovered around him like a shield against the darkness. Above the trees, a big golden-yellow moon was floating in the sky and thousands of twinkling stars peeped out one by one until the whole sky was like a glittering jewel. A chilling wind started sweeping through the woods and the boy pulled his jacket closer around him. The wind swayed the pines and sifted the snow with a faint soughing sound that added eeriness to the still night. A frightening thought came to the boy as he heard the wind softly sighing through the branches. It was the same soughing sound he heard in the wind just before every big snowstorm - storms that all northerners learned to dread; storms that came with flashing suddenness and left as quickly. But it couldn't be, no storm was due. Even if it was, he could make his way back to the familiar ridge before it came, and if he couldn't, well, he wouldn't think about that.

He hurried on in what he hoped was the right direction, his only thought being that he had to beat the storm. He knew that in less than a half hour, these friendly woods could change to a howling cavern of swirling snow and biting wind that would sweep across the mountain in a fury few dared to encounter. On and on he went, racing the storm that he could hear and smell all around him.

Then suddenly, as though the very heavens had opened up, the snow came hurtling down, and the sighing wind changed to a gale of such ferocity that it took the boy's breath away. For an instant, he stood rooted in that spot, gasping for breath. He had lost the race, and the storm had won. If only he could find familiar ground, he might make it back in time.

The wind rose in strength and sound until the tall hovering pines bent under it and the forest rang with the screeching of it. The snow piled down with a crushing force until the golden moon and twinkling stars were blotted from view.

Fighting his way through the storm, he felt the bitterly cold snow swirl into his face and blind him until he was unable to see even his hand in front of him. He seemed to struggle miles in a blinding daze of snow. Then his foot hit something hidden beneath the snow and he plunged head-long into a snowdrift. After he had stumbled to his feet, he stared in amazement at what he had tripped over. At first he could not believe it, but it was as true as that he was sitting in this snow bank. It was the stump of the tree he had cut last summer on the back side of the lake opposite the cabin. How many times coming up fishing last summer had he tripped over the very same stump! Squinting through the blinding snow he could make out the frozen lake across which the gusty wind roared. Then he realized that he must have unknowingly recrossed the ridge in his blind flight down the mountain, because the cabin was right across from the lake. Staggering down to the lake, he started to make his way across. He saw a speck of light flickering and dimming in the distance through the swirls of snow. Then the snow swooshed down again and the light faded from sight. He was about to call it his imagination when a faint "Halooo" drifted in with the wind from across the lake. As he joyfully stumbled in that direction, suddenly the snow swished to a soft flurry in his face, the wind gave a last shriek, and with a shuddering moan faded to a soft sighing through the trees. High in the sky rode the moon again, its pale light flooding down on the peaceful scene, and surrounding it were millions of twinkling stars glittering crystal-clear in the dewy air.

Just like that the nightmare was over, and around him was as peaceful a winter scene as he had ever known. Now he could make out the cabin with its door flung open and its mellow lamp light spilling out onto the snow. In the doorway stood his parents encircled in the rosy warmth of the room, as with joy on their faces they watched their boy walk up to the cabin. Tomorrow they would enjoy Christmas with the most perfect tree on the mountain.

Carmen Martin '61

FOOT PRINTS

On Pebble Beach in California in the year of 1960, in a small house, lived Bertha Mason, Mary Livingston's aunt. Mary had come to visit her aunt for the summer.

Many nights she just walked along the beach. She could see the water rush upon the huge rocks and thunder back again. Sometimes she thought that she heard loud noises from the ocean, but she saw nothing. Her aunt had never heard such noises, so she didn't think much about it.

Mary walked along the beach many nights. One bright moonlight night, she walked farther than usual and she came upon some very large and very strange footprints. She thought that they must belong to some horrible monster, and she ran back to the house as fast as her legs would carry her. She didn't look back until she again heard this great noise. She turned just in time to see a scarlet red monster with claws and huge eyes emerge from the ocean and then disappear beneath the waves. She rushed into the house and told her aunt of her experience. She didn't waste any time in calling the nearest Border Patrol to tell them of the animal. They explained that before her aunt had moved there, there had been rumors of such a monster. Two skin divers had been shark hunting one summer and had seen this monster. One of them who wounded the animal had died. This monster was as red as the color of blood. He didn't walk on the beach at all but was very much at home in the deep of the ocean.

The next day experienced skin divers brought equipment and went searching for him. The Border Patrol had assigned them to the job because they believed that he would be pretty lifeless in the daytime since he slept then. When found he was crouched among the weeds and leaves that are so slimy looking. It was hard to tell how big he was, because of the camouflage. They swam toward him with their razor sharp spears, and with all their force they cut right into his heart. He died instantly and it was a lucky break for them that he did. The sprawling mass of the horrifying monster lay there on the ocean floor. The divers swam to the top and reported their mission accomplished. The monster was dead, but you may be sure that not even experienced skin divers went into the water at Pebble Beach, California after that.

Marilyn Harlow '62

Alumni

1960

Berryment, Thomas, Bryant Pond
Cary, Rodney, Bryant Pond
Cole, Burton, Bryant Pond
Crockett, Charlotte, Bethel
Cross, Rodney, Bryant Pond
Haskell, Edmund, USAF Duluth, Minn.
Martin, Louise, Locke Mills
Plummer (Roberts), Beverly
South Paris

1955

Andrews (LaValley), Louise
West Paris
Banda (Whitman), Leona
Bennett (Farrington), Luna, Portland
Cross, Alvert, West Paris
Cushman, Maynard, Illian, New York
Dunham (Martin) Sandra, Bryant Pond
Farrington, Phillip, Bryant Pond
Martin, Rexford, Bryant Pond
Mason, William, South Paris
Wing (Poland), Andrea, Bryant Pond

1950

Berryment, Sgt. Nobert
Cox, Francis, Bryant Pond
House, Belmont, Bryant Pond
House (Dunham), Bessie, Bryant Pond
Howe (Dunham), Elouise, Bryant Pond
Jordan (Hathaway), Phyllis
North Waterford
Ring, Arthur, Freeport

1945

Johnson (Davis), Lois, Augusta
Redman (Hobbs), Gloria
Englewood, Colorado
Risko (Howe), Olive
Spring Valley, New York

Swan (Evans), Bernice, Bethel
Swan, Kenneth, South Paris
Thurlow, Leslie, West Paris

1940

Coffin (Poland), Ruby, West Paris
Haggett (Olson), Gina
Shrewsbury, Massachusetts
Judkins (Hathaway), Beatrice, Upton
Morgan (Hendrickson), Miriam
West Paris
Schnier (Howe), Margaret, Colo., Iowa
Sherwin (Poland), Gwendolyn, Rumford
Sibley (Bean), Ernestine
Smith (Ladd), Lillian, Tucker, Ga.

1935

Brown, Daniel, West Paris
Chase, Gordon, East Eddington
Crockett (Foster), Nannette, Bethel
Cushman, G. Bernard, Augusta
Billings (Twitchell), Cleo
Bryant Pond
Farrar (Ring), Iva, Bryant Pond
Haines (Yates), Georgia, Bethel
Newell (Hanscom), Hazel, Locke Mills
Raymond (Lowe), Muriel, Bryant Pond
Stevens, Bradley, Lewiston
Strout (Felt), Marion
Mechanic Falls
Wardwell (Andrews), Alice, Stoneham

1930

Farrington (Abbott), Harriett
Bryant Pond
Forsythe (Martin), Diana
Glendora, New Jersey
McGuire (Cushman), Bessie, West Peru
Roberts (Felt), Alice, Locke Mills
Stevens, Archie, Norway
Tyler (Lord), Ruth, Bryant Pond



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George W. Cummings
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Rumford, Maine

Ferland Motors
River Road
Mexico, Maine

Israelson Motors
Spruce Street
Rumford, Maine

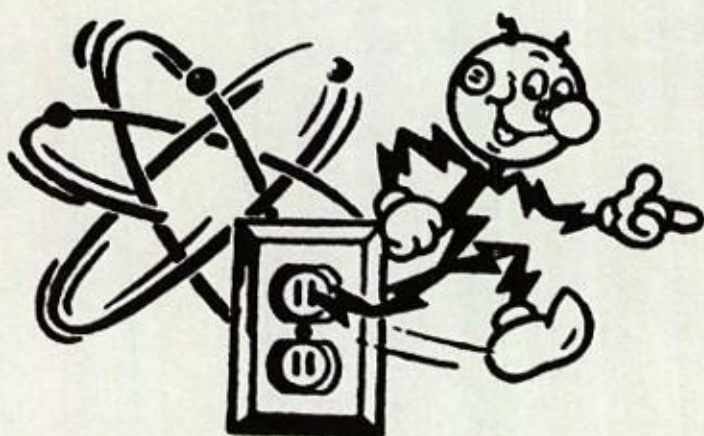
Morrison Motors
Main Street
Mexico, Maine

Taylor Buick & Pontiac
Hancock Street
Rumford, Maine

Joy's Sales & Service
Bridge Street
Mexico, Maine

Lazarou Motors
Bridge Street
Mexico, Maine

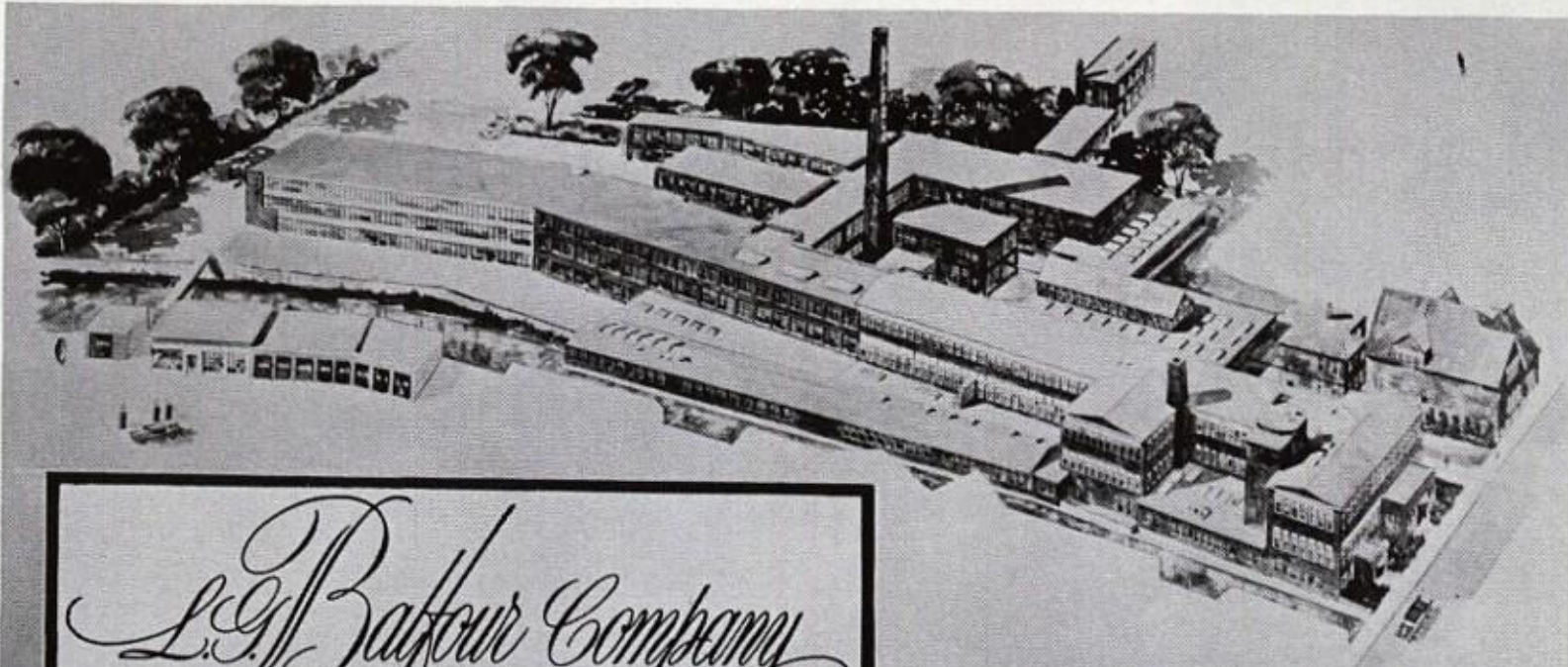
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BOWLING

Down the alley and ready to shoot,
The ball slipped, and I went for a loop;
The people looked up and said, "What A Dope,"
However, I didn't bother to sit around and mope;
I tried to get up as fast as I could
But when I tried I fell down good.

I scrambled to the side and grabbed the rail,
And then I got up like, THE LIGHT OF BRIGALE;
I may go down in history as a first class dope,
But I know a little about bowling, I hope!

Virginia Tibbetts '62

THE SLIPPERS IN THE HASSOCK

The slippers in the hassock,
From a long ago Christmas Day,
Were placed there by our soldier boy
Who now is far away.

He went to do his duty
For Uncle Sam was calling him
Oh, how we miss him mornings
And when ev'ning lights are dim.

His slippers are in the hassock
And there they shall remain
Until our own dear soldier boy
Returns to us again.

Linda Waterhouse '61

